

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

# NIGHTMARE

47364  
NO 9  
OCT  
1972  
60¢



TM

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

FEAR-FEATURING:  
THE  
**SKULL FOREST  
OF  
OLD  
EARTH!**

THE  
**GARGOYLE  
TRILOGY!**  
and  
**NIGHT  
IN THE  
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ISRAEL WALDMAN - PUBLISHER  
ALAN HEWETSON - EDITOR  
HERSHEL WALDMAN - BUSINESS MANAGER

NUMBER 9

OCTOBER 1972

# NIGHTMARE

... THE MAD-EMOTIONS WITHIN US TAUNT AND HORRIBLY TEASE OUR SAD, SLITHERING SOULS... SEND US REELING INTO WILD REALMS OF ESSENTIAL ARCHAIC HORRORS THOUGHT LONG BURIED IN GRAVES UNFORGETABLY LUNACY-SPAWNED...

... THIS IS THE **LUNATIC ISSUE**  
... THE NIGHTMARE NUMBER WHERE WORDS TO DEFINE RHYME AND REASON ARE THROWN TO THE SHRIEKING WINDS... FOR WE ARE STARTING TO GET INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD**

THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT AWAIT UNDER A COVER OF HORRID UN-NAMED OLD EARTH ATROCITIES... BY ARTIST **MIRALLES**...

4... LET US CREEP BACK A CENTURY INTO A GAMMIT OF HAUNTING INNARDS IN **MARKHEIM**...

II... NOXIOUS NIGHT BECOMES AS DREADFUL DAY IN THIS FEARFUL LEER INTO THE "NIGHTMARE WORLD... CALL THEM GHOULS... TROLL... CALL THEM... THINGS..."

16 AND 17... A TWO-PAGE COLLECTION OF ODD OTHER-THINGS... **ZOO FOR THE BEASTS OF THE UNIVERSE**...

20... THE COVER FLIGHT INTO ARCHAIC FANTASY HORROR-DIVES INTO... **THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH**...

28... **NIGHTMARE MOVIE REVIEW** FEATURES VINCENT PRICE IN AN EPIC OF BONE-BREAKING, BRAIN-HURTING JOY...

32... CELEBRATE THE **300TH BIRTHDAY PARTY** OF THE LITHE-LOVELY WHO REFUSED TO DIE...

38... THREE DEAD STONE BEASTS PRETEND LIFE IN THE 3 TO MAKE I TALE... **THE GARGOYLE TRILOGY**...

49... **THE NIGHT IN THE WAX MUSEUM** IS A NIGHT IN THE GUTTERS OF A WAX-GLUTTED MIND...

58... THE WRETCHES ALL MUST DIE... EVEN THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN... BEFORE THEY LEARN WHO IS... **THE WEREWOLF WITHIN**...

BACK COVER... **THE THING IN THE ALLEY**... BUT THAT'S WHERE THE HORRORS OF THIS ALL END... AND WHY ARE WE NOW CONCERNED WITH AN END WHEN WE'RE JUST STARTING TO **BEGIN**...

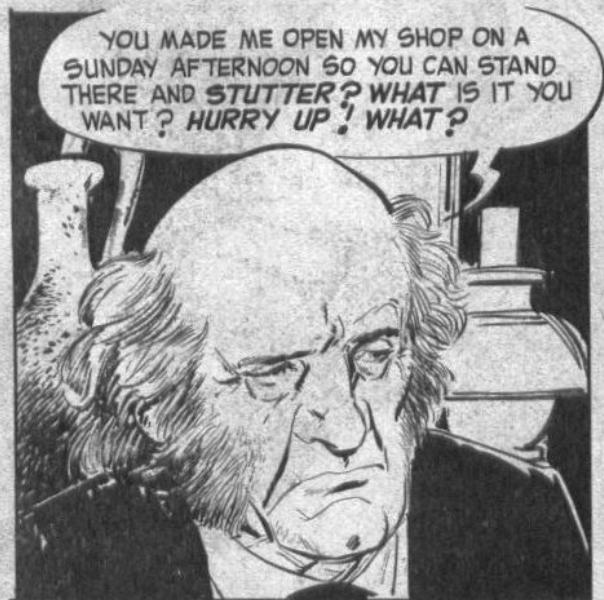
... TEE HEE...  
C'MON... C'MON...  
HEH HEH HEH HEH  
... THESE ARE THE CRAFTY CONTENT'S PAGES WHERE WEIRD BLURBS ARE PRESENTED TO BURST YOUR EVERY BUBBLE OF BRAIN-CONCOCTED **SANITY**...

... HEH HEH HEH HEH...  
WHERE YOUR MIND-PEBBLES BEGIN TO **CIRCLE**... WHERE WORDS FLOAT AROUND DUMPING TORRENTS OF HEH HEH HEH HEH.  
MAD, MUDDY, MANIACAL EMOTIONS ON YOUR... TEE HEE... **HORRIBLE HEAD**...

... A SINGULAR UNCERTAIN CHOKING EXPERIENCE **FEW** MEN OF LUNATIC LOGIC WOULD DARE... HEH HEH... DARE EXPLAIN... WHICH PERHAPS EXPLAINS WHY... TEE HEE...

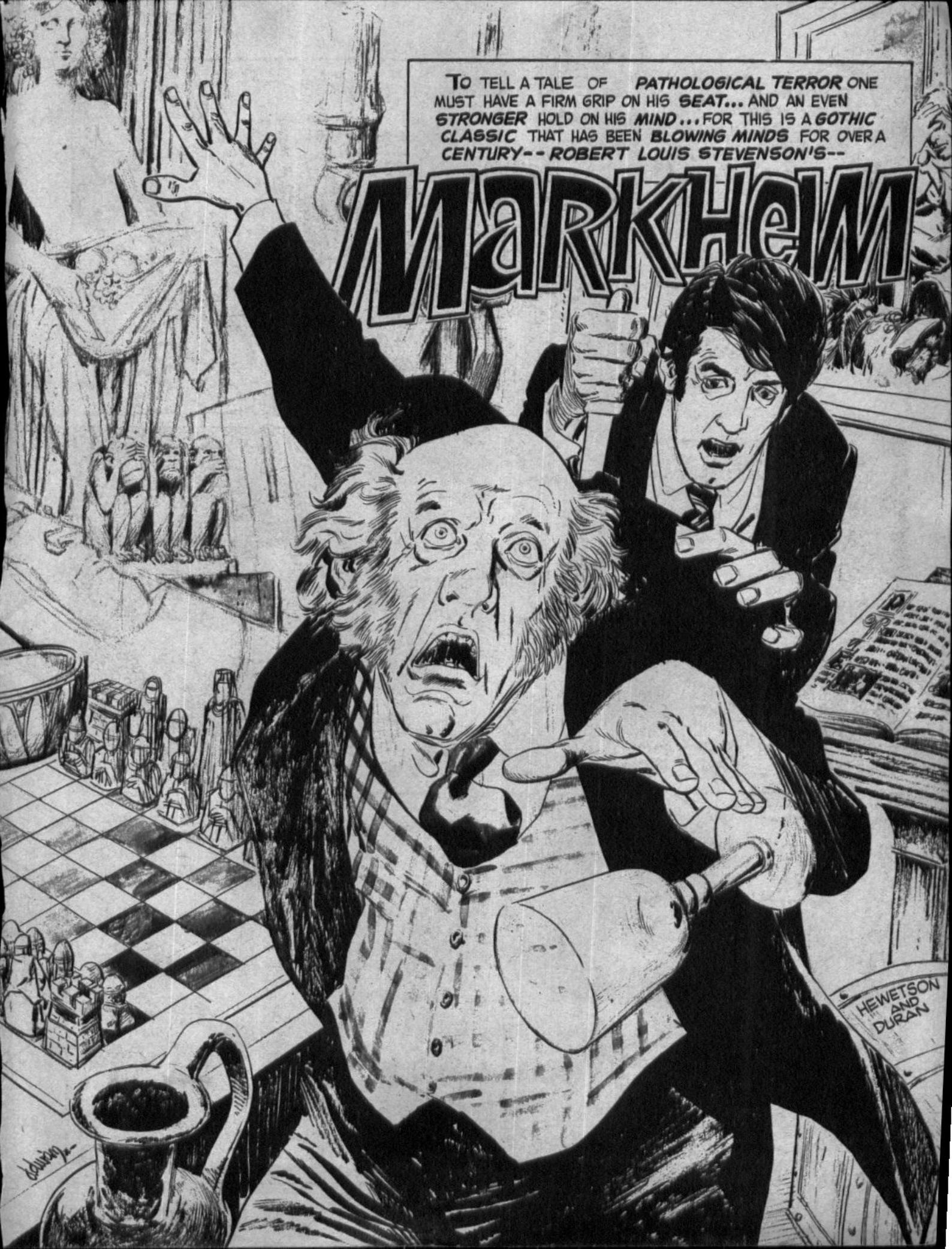
... WHY WE CALL THIS LAUGHING, LEERING, LURKING NOXIOUS **NIGHTMARE** NUMBER THE... HEE HEE HEE... **THE LUNATIC ISSUE**

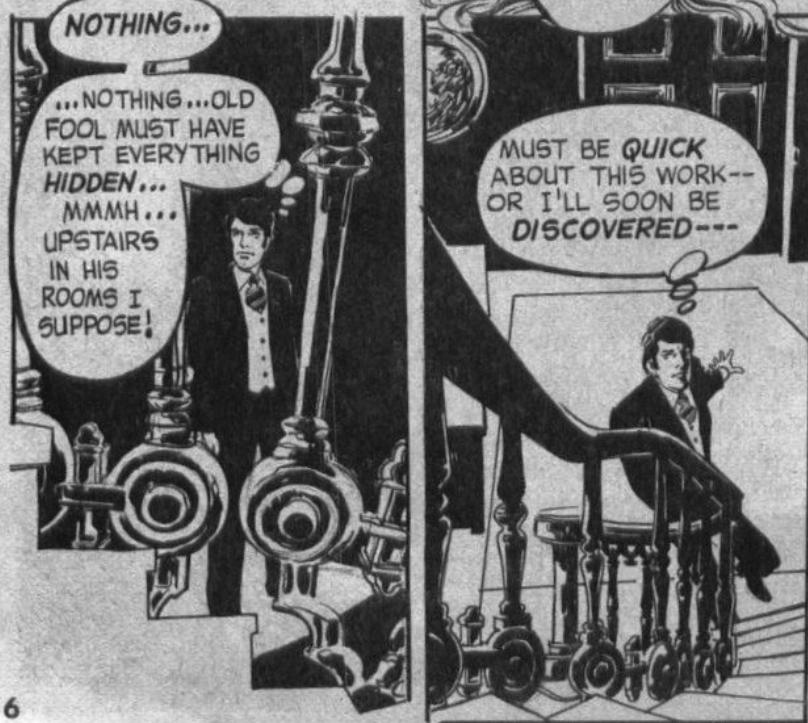
... HEH HEH... FOR EVERYTHING WITHIN IS SURELY, UTTERLY, DEFINATELY, TERRIBLY... JUST THAT!  
HEH HEH TEE HEES



TO TELL A TALE OF PATHOLOGICAL TERROR ONE  
MUST HAVE A FIRM GRIP ON HIS SEAT... AND AN EVEN  
STRONGER HOLD ON HIS MIND... FOR THIS IS A GOTHIC  
CLASSIC THAT HAS BEEN BLOWING MINDS FOR OVER A  
CENTURY-- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S--

# MARY HEWETSON





FIRST A LITTLE TWIST OF THE MIND...

THAT NOISE-- FROM BELOW!

...THE CORPSE... CAN IT BE... IS HE STILL ALIVE?...

THEN A DEFINITE TUG AT THE HEART...

THAT SCRAPING SOUND... MY GOD... IT MUST BE HIM... I DIDN'T KILL HIM... HE'S STILL ALIVE...

AND THE PUPPET STRINGS ARE IN MOTION...

...DEAR GOD...

HAHAHAHAHAH... YOU FEEL IT NOW... FEEL THE STRING JERKING AND PULLING...

NO... NO... I DIDN'T MEAN TO... KILL YOU-- I MEAN YOU... I HAD NOTHING AGAINST YOU... I NEEDED THE MONEY... IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE... ANYONE!

NOW THE STRING FOR SWEAT IS PULLED AND AN AVALANCHE POURS DOWN YOUR FACE...

MY GOD--DEAR GOD-- NO NO-- JESUS PLEASE -- PLEASE NO...

...AND ANOTHER LITTLE TUG AND...

...WHAT?...

IT'S GONE--- WHAT CAN--- MY IMAGINATION-- IT WAS JUST RUNNING WILD-- I FEEL SO GUILTY... FEAR INSIDE ME... THAT'S ALL-- IMAGINATION...



ARE YOU ABOUT READY  
TO CRY... JUST ABOUT  
READY TO GET DOWN ON  
YOUR KNEES....

YOU HEAR IT... AGAIN... THUMMMMPA  
THUMMMMPA THUMMMPA... IN YOUR  
EARS... YOU HEAR IT...

... KILL HIM AGAIN... AGAIN...



THE OLD  
MAN--HE'S STILL  
ALIVE--HE'S  
STRUGGLING TO LIVE  
AGAIN--I'VE GOT  
TO STOP HIM--HE  
CAN RUIN ME--  
RUIN ME...



OOOOOOAAAAAAHHHHH!



...HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH...

OH DEAR  
GOD...



...TURN TO MEET YOUR MASTER,  
MARKHEIM... THE PUPPET MASTER...

IT'S IN MY MIND  
... TWISTING...  
TURNING ME AROUND  
... I CAN'T TAKE  
IT... CAN'T  
TAKE IT...

RUBBISH!

...WHAT...

WHO ARE  
YOU...

BUT...  
BUT  
WHY?

YOU ARE A NEW  
DISCIPLE... AS  
A NEW DISCIPLE YOU  
DESERVE A LITTLE  
HELP!

IRRELEVANT!  
NOW MUSTER  
YOUR STRENGTH  
AND I'LL HELP  
YOU OUT OF THIS  
PREDICAMENT...



NOW LISTEN TO ME--  
THE OLD SHOPKEEPER'S  
**MAID** WILL BE RETURNING  
IN A FEW MINUTES...IF  
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE  
CAUGHT YOU KNOW WHAT  
YOU HAVE TO DO?

DO? YES--  
I KNOW--  
WHAT?

"YES--HER SCARF--  
QUICKLY--SILENTLY  
--NO BLOOD..."  
"EXCELLENT MY  
BOY! NOW--TO  
YOUR TASK!"

YOU MUST LURE HER IN  
THE DOORWAY--THEN IN  
THE SAME MANNER AS  
YOU SLAUGHTERED...

OH GOD--  
SLAUGHTERED  
... DID I  
SLAUGHTER?...

LISTEN TO  
ME--YOU MUST  
KILL HER THE  
SAME WAY YOU  
KILLED HER  
**MASTER!**

"YES, YES--I'LL KILL HER--  
DRIVE THE KNIFE INTO HER SKULL!"  
"NO, NO--THAT ISN'T NECESSARY--  
TOO BRUTAL--USE HER SCARF..."

WHY DOESN'T  
SHE COME--  
WHY?--WHY?

YOU CONFRONT  
THE MAID UPON  
THE THRESHOLD.

YOU HAD  
BETTER GO FOR  
THE POLICE--  
**I HAVE KILLED  
YOUR MASTER!**



THE FIRST SELECTION IN A BRAND NEW  
**SKYWALD** FEATURE WHERE **YOU**  
ARE THE **WRITER...** **YOU** ARE THE  
**DREAMER...** AS WE TELL THE STORY  
OF YOUR... **NIGHTMARE WORLD!**

IT IS A BRISK FEBRUARY MORNING, HARSH WHITE SNOW DRIFTS **AIMLESSLY** AGAINST THE HUNTING SHACK, WITHIN WHICH JIM SITS **ALONE** CURLED UP BESIDE A ROARING HEARTH, READING HIS LATEST ISSUES OF **NIGHTMARE** AND **PSYCHO**. HE'D HAD THE FORESIGHT TO BRING READING MATERIAL WITH HIM TO PASS THE **TIME**--THERE COULD BE NO HUNTING **THIS** MORNING--NOT WITH BITING NORTHERN MINNESOTA WINDS OUTSIDE--BLOWING, **TWISTING** THE SNARLING SNOW IN THE FIRST EVIL **STORM** OF THE YEAR! JIM **READS**, HIS ACTIVE MIND FLICKERING IN SATISFACTION AS EACH TALE FINISHES! HE **DOZES OFF**, HIS MIND **STILL** FLICKERING, **STILL** ACTIVE... **AND HE DREAMS...**

CALL THEM GHOULS...  
TROLLS... CALL THEM...  
**THINGS...**

THE NIGHTMARE WORLD  
OF **JAMES EDGAR**  
OF JACKSON MISSOURI.  
AS TOLD TO  
HEWETSON AND MARCOS

PABLO  
MARCO





...SO ENDS THE DREAM OF **JIM EDGAR!** JIM WROTE TO US THAT **SAME DAY** TELLING US THE DETAILS OF HIS NIGHTMARE AND HOPING YOU SKYWALD READERS WOULD FIND IT AS INTERESTING AS HE DID!

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM **YOU**... WE'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR WEIRDEST, WILDEST **DREAMS!** JUST AS WE'VE DONE WITH **THIS** NIGHTMARE WE'LL PRINT THE **BEST DREAM IN STORY FORM** EVERY ISSUE... AND **DON'T FORGET** TO SEND US ALONG YOUR **PICTURE** TOO!

WE'LL ALSO PUBLISH THE **BEST 'AMATEUR ANALYSIS'** OF EACH NIGHTMARE... SO IF YOUR INTERESTS LIE IN WHAT NIGHTMARE'S **REALLY MEAN** THEN DROP US YOUR INTERPRETATION IN THE MAIL... NO LONGER THAN **TWO PARAGRAPHS** PLEASE.

SEND ALL YOUR LETTERS TO:

**SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORP.**  
18 EAST 41 STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017  
**'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'**



HEWETSON AND DELA ROSA

# THE GUILLOLINE

... CREATION OF DR. JOSEPH GUILLOTIN.

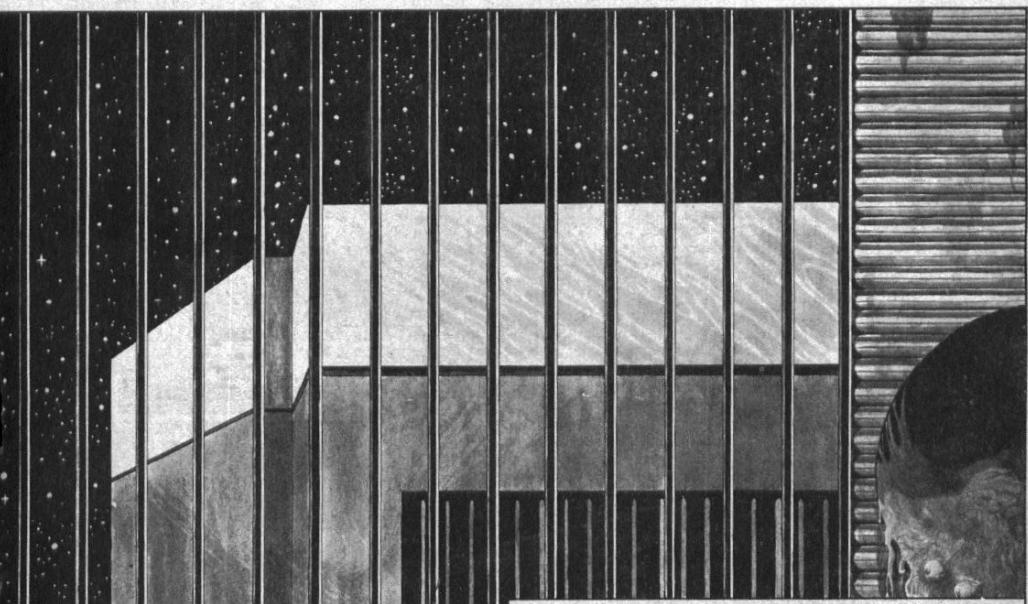
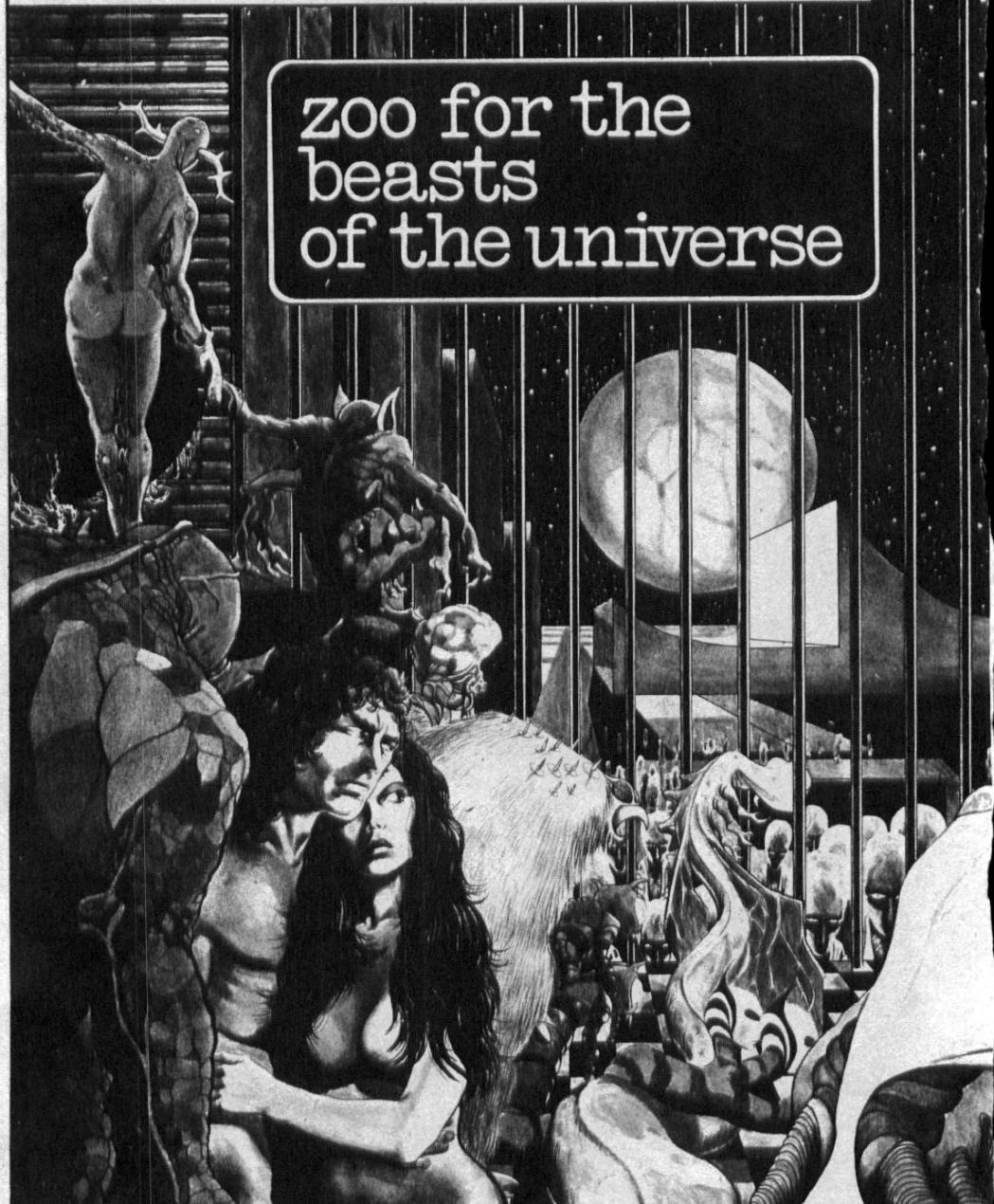
JOSEPH GUILLOTIN--PHYSICIAN  
AND STATESMAN OF **FRANCE**--  
CREATED THE MONSTROUS STEEL  
SHAFT THAT WAS TO BE HIS  
COUNTRIES' NATIONAL **INSTRUMENT  
OF DEATH** FOR CENTURIES!

CREATED IN THE YEAR 1789--  
GUILLOTIN WAS ALSO RESPONSIBLE  
FOR INTRODUCING **DECAPITATION**  
AS THE METHOD OF **CAPITAL  
PUNISHMENT** IN FRANCE--YEARS  
LATER GUILLOTIN **HIMSELF** FELL  
VICTIM TO THE **FRENCH  
REVOLUTION** AND WAS CONDEMNED  
TO **DIE** ... AT THE MOCKING, **IRONIC**  
**BLADE** OF HIS OWN INHUMAN  
**INSTRUMENT** ... THE GUILLOTINE!

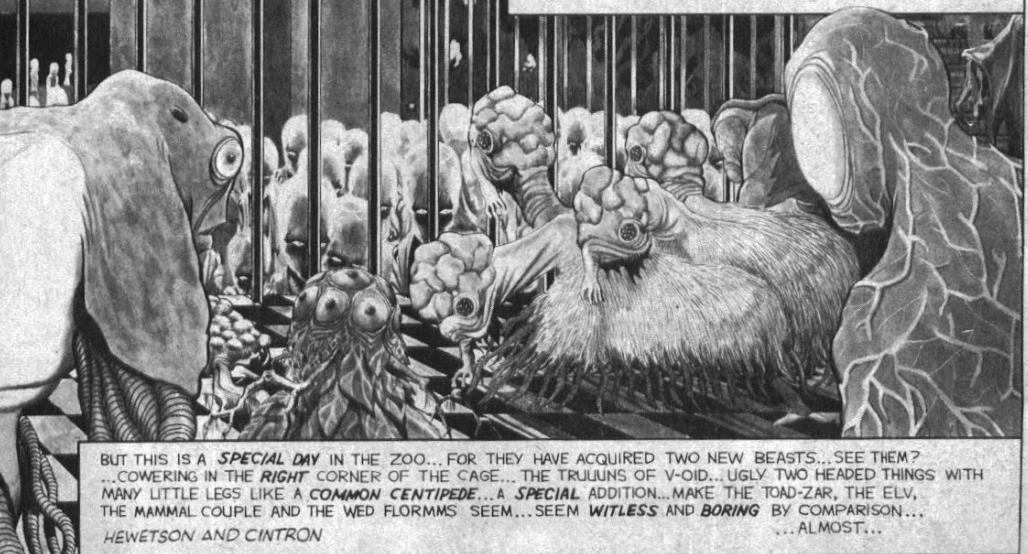


IN THE FOREIGN PLACE OTHERS CALL EARTH, AND HOME, MANY TIMES AND DISTANCES FROM NOW AND HERE, THERE IS A ZOO... IT IS ONLY ONE OF MANY IN THIS PLACE, BUT A SPECIAL ATTRACTION FOR THE CITIZENS OF FELDAL CITY... FOR THEREIN IS A COLLECTION...

# zoo for the beasts of the universe



...IT IS A PROUD COLLECTION THIS... FOR INTER-SPACE HUNTERS HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO GATHER THESE BIZARRE SAMPLINGS FROM ALL THE PLANETS... THE TOAD-ZAR FROM EM... THE MANY-ARMED ELV OF THE FOREST PLANET... THE FLECKED REPTILES OF MOR--THE WED FLORMMS OF ANTATY--THE MAMMAL COUPLE OF 'WORLD'.. THEY ARE ALL IN THIS ZOO.. COLLECTED FROM THE UNIVERSE FOR THE PLEASURE AND BIOLOGICAL REFERENCE OF ANYONE WITH A TOE IN HIS POCKET FOR ADMISSION...



BUT THIS IS A SPECIAL DAY IN THE ZOO... FOR THEY HAVE ACQUIRED TWO NEW BEASTS... SEE THEM? ...COWERING IN THE RIGHT CORNER OF THE CAGE... THE TRUIJUNS OF V-OID... UGLY TWO HEADED THINGS WITH MANY LITTLE LEGS LIKE A COMMON CENTIPEDE... A SPECIAL ADDITION... MAKE THE TOAD-ZAR, THE ELV, THE MAMMAL COUPLE AND THE WED FLORMMS SEEM...SEEM WITLESS AND BORING BY COMPARISON... HEWETSON AND CINTRON

# Lunatic Letters and Noxious Nightmare News Designed to Seep into Your Shock-wrought Weird Brain...

The most enjoyable moment in the NIGHTMARE offices is the time of day we open your letters . . . we don't care what you say, how you say it, or even WHY . . . when we read your tear-taught tomes we're getting into your minds, finding out what you think and want . . . in this issue you may notice a 'new look' about certain regular departments and pages . . . this is the result of YOUR comments and suggestions . . . YOUR boggling imaginations! There will be many MORE changes in format and presentation in the next few issues . . . all leading towards the ultimate in unprecedented horror-graphic stories, thru the archaic, abstract, apostate, agitated, absurd, abrupt, adroit, living . . .

## HORROR-MOOD



YOU WATCH--LISTEN--HE GATHERS THE REMAINS AND PACKS THEM INTO A HORRID BUNDLE--THEN WITH HIS RAZOR SHARP KUKRI DEFILES WHAT IS LEFT OF THE BOY'S REMAINS--HE DRIVES THE SULLEN STEEL SHAFT INTO THE BLOODY HEAP AND YOU GASP--GASP FOR AIR--FOR WHAT YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE WITNESSED HAS BEEN BRUTAL--SENSELESS--EVIL!

. . . let it creep into you . . . bend and warp and twist and contort . . . let it rubble the brain-pebbles . . . fall into your gaping, grinding gut -- let it CRAWL and SLITHER into your slime-mind . . . let it BLEED, collapse you, establish your MOOD, complement your fable fraught fantasy world . . .

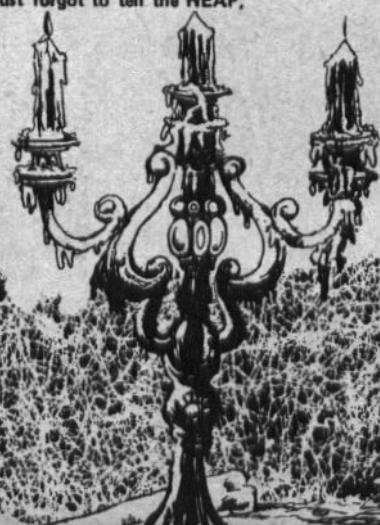
. . . The Macabre Corporation is KAKK KAKKKK KAKKKK-INKKK on its 1923 beautiful, black, custom-bought, maniacal, massive type-machine all night long, hour after dark hour . . . and when the bats retire come morn we keep on pounding those keys cause we aren't finished . . .

. . . not by a LITHE LONG-SHOT . . .

Drowning DENNIS FUJITAKE tells us he's near completion on 'THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT', scripted by HEWETSON and paranoically penned; and inked by the brain-bending Hawaiian islander in the traditional frightening FUJITAKE manner . . . . . across checking our oft-crossed files we find contest winner (of the brilliant BILL EVERETT artwork) LEE GROEBNER has written in to comment on the fearful FUJITAKE'S powerful ART-FACTS' in NIGHTMARE #7 . . . 'the art was magnificent . . . and overall a fine piece of workmanship . . . get more of his work' . . . friend LEE, we love DENNIS as much as is considered editorially--etiquette and the mail on his craftsmanship indicates he's right up there on top of the fan lists . . . we're proud to announce many new works will be winging their way in from the Islands soon! . . .

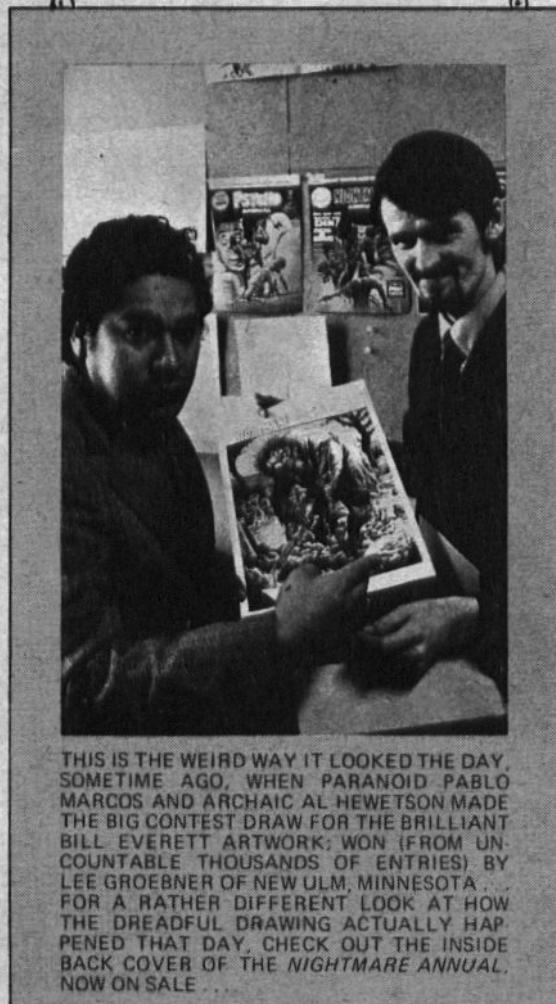
. . . remember the weird ending to 'BLIND FATE' by emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY in the PSYCHO ANNUAL? The last panel of eccentric ED's tale (page 40) contains a bunch of DOTS which many of you rightfully reasoned was BRAILLE . . . anybody needing to know what the fatal last uncommunicated thoughts of the nameless blind sage were, are awfully entitled to know the translation: ' . . . AND REPRODUCING THEM IN THE DREGS OF A FUTURE AGE!!!!' . . . check it out, if you will, that's the weird way it was . . .

. . . and while on the matter of that same issue, the PSYCHO ANNUAL, many of you might have noticed the HEAP tale of the ultimate-unusual was not part of the regular continued story-line! Actually it WAS, somebody just forgot to tell the HEAP.



whose stumbling into archaic-adventure-worlds continues in the upcoming PSYCHO #10. (HEAP missed PSYCHO #8-9, due to paranoid PABLO MARCOS being out of the country for a few weeks . . . he was on the SUN doing art-research for a story he's diagnostically drawing about the MOON . . . which just shows to go you how WAY-OUT psychotic PABLO can get sometimes!) The HEAP will continue to be featured in all future PSYCHO issues . . .

. . . HELP! will anybody with a solution to this heart-rendering problem please drop us a line or two: Seems our own bizarre business-manager homiletic HERSCHEL WALDMEN's new wife CELIA wakes up in the middle of the night to hear her husband HERSCHEL screaming: 'THE STAKE . . . UGHHH . . . IT'S KILLING ME . . . PULL IT OUT OF MY HEART!' . . . which is a problem we wouldn't wish on ANY sweet new-wedded woman . . .



THIS IS THE WEIRD WAY IT LOOKED THE DAY, SOMETIME AGO, WHEN PARANOID PABLO MARCOS AND ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON MADE THE BIG CONTEST DRAW FOR THE BRILLIANT BILL EVERETT ARTWORK: WON (FROM UNCOUNTABLE THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES) BY LEE GROEBNER OF NEW ULM, MINNESOTA . . . FOR A RATHER DIFFERENT LOOK AT HOW THE DREADFUL DRAWING ACTUALLY HAPPENED THAT DAY, CHECK OUT THE INSIDE BACK COVER OF THE NIGHTMARE ANNUAL, NOW ON SALE . . .

Dying DOUG MOENCH, at time of this writing, is tearing out his hair to produce HIT AND RUN, MISS AND DIE . . . a leering look at his native Chicago in the days when the rackets took a backseat ride as HORROR took the wheel . . . took it and ATE IT! . . . Maniacal manuscripts are pouring in to the NIGHTMARE offices as a result of the FANTASIA column in NIGHTMARE #7 . . . AUGUSTINE FUNNELL of Brighton, Ontario sent us in 'THE STONE', while we re-

ceived some fine art samples from RONN SUTTON and 'THE SURVIVAL' by JOSEPH CABRERA of Chicago, Illinois. From CHRIS LASKY of Lebanon, New Jersey we drooled over an excellent rare still of BORIS KARLOFF being made-up as the immortal FRANKENSTEIN, and from RON FORTIER of Somersworth, New Hampshire, an excellent script he (and co-scripters DAVID and NANCY McKNIGHT) call 'THE RETRIEVER'. MANFRED

GRIFFENSTEIN of Detroit, Michigan penned two tales for us all: 'AN EYE FOR AN EYE' and 'AT BAY'; and BRYAN UHLENBROOK of Richmond, California produced 'BOUNTY HUNTER' and 'DEFILER OF THE TOMB'. JOE LETS of Lansing, Michigan penned 'THE MIND TRIGGER' while 'THE RIDERS' and 'HANDS OF DEATH' came in from Genesco, New York by JAMES CRAWFORD; and 'THREE OF A KIND' arrived from Cordele, Georgia —

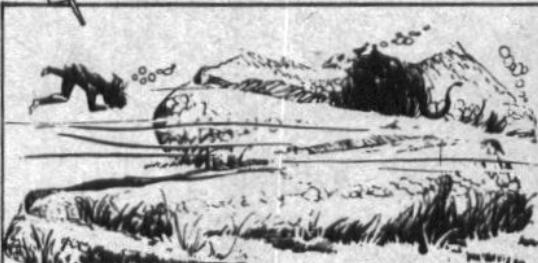
powerfully put-all-together by WAYNE FOSKEY. Yes indeed, we received many hundreds of pieces, each and every one of which is being carefully considered for publication . . . we'll let you know what we select and where and when they'll appear . . . in the meantime let us say we're encouraged by your response and look forward as much as you do to seeing your material in print . . . Many fans have sent in their ratings on each issue as it appears — thanks, therefore (for their assistance in planning future issues) goes out to JIM BOGEN of St. Paul, Minnesota; BRIAN EARL BROWN of Manchester College, Indiana; LUBMILLA ONISCHEWSKI of Hyde Park, Massachusetts; and DAVE COOPER, PATTY LACEY, JEFF ANDERSON, ROGER MCKENZIE, WALTER JASCHKE, JOHN CARDONA, RICHARD STOCKER, CHUCK HACKNEY, GREG KOVACS, ERIC SEARLEMAN, and especially to JUAN BORRAS of Miami, Florida who unfailingly sends us in welcome comments on every single issue of our crippled couplet of horror titles . . .

. . . and finally . . . thanks to fear-fanatic ROYVABKLKE HOWDYSLLIVAK (or something like that; your signature is kinda hard to read fellah), for his kind comments about some character called VAMPIRELLA . . . rest assured ROYVABKLKE, your letter has been forwarded to the proper place WRARBLENN PUBLICATIONS . . .

. . . it's been a real-rap people; the HORROR-MOOD is on its way . . .

r.i.p.

ON HIS LAST DAY AS EDITOR/CO-PUBLISHER OF THE SKYWALD CORPORATION, SOL BRODSKY GRINNED WIDELY, PROPPED HIS FEET UP ON HIS DESK, AND LEANED BACK IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAIR HE HAD OCCUPIED THESE LAST FEW YEARS. IT WAS A WELL-EARNED REST FOR SOL, WHO WE'VE NEVER KNOWN TO RELAX BEFORE . . . ALWAYS ENERGETIC, BUSTLING MR. S.B. IS NOW GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH HIS NEW AND EXCITING POSITION WITH THE NON-RIVAL MARVEL COMICS GROUP . . . WHERE WE WISH HIM THE VERY VERY BEST . . .



NO...NO SUCH MERCIFUL FATE WAS TO BE MINE...INSTEAD THE MONSTER CRAWLED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR...I NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME A KIND OF SADDLE UPON ITS NECK... IF IT CAN BE SAID IT HAD A NECK...

AND YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY STEVEN NEVER SMILED...SMILE FOR MY HUSBAND, STEVEN—SHOW HIM YOUR STRONG WHITE TEETH. YOU WERE LUCKY YOU CHOSE TO HUNT WITH THE BOW, DARLING GENE--THE ARROW SERVED AS A PERFECT WOODEN STAKE...

...BUT YOUR FATAL MISTAKE WAS BURYING YOUR WIFE ALIVE... FACING ME...WHERE SHE COULD WITHDRAW YOUR ARROW STAKE AND RETURN ME TO LIVING DEATH...AND IN A POSITION WHERE I COULD ADMINISTER ONE FINAL KISS TO HER

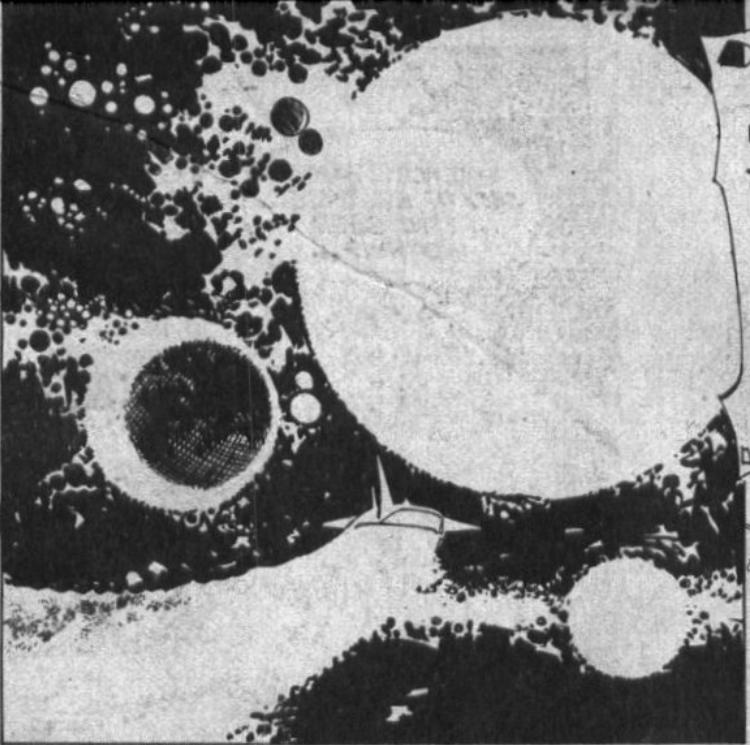


## NEXT ISSUES' NIGHTMARE MOVIE REVIEW

WILL SURELY  
IMplode YOUR BRAIN  
AS WE PREVIEW...

FROGS





**THERE WAS A TIME** ON THIS EARTH, BEFORE HUMAN-MAN WALKED ITS SURFACE - MEN SUCH AS US, UPRIGHT, CIVILIZED MEN - WHEN CRAWLING THINGS ANCIENT EVEN IN THEIR OWN TIME RULED AND DOMINATED THIS **GREY EARTH**. AS TESTIMONY TO THEIR EXISTENCE THE FOUL PLACE CALLED **THE NAMELESS CITY** NEAR THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS IN ANTARCTICA HAS BEEN VISITED BY MEN IN OUR OWN AGE, AND EVEN SO, IT IS WELL RECORDED IN THE DISGUSTING RECORDS OF THE MAD ARAB ABDUL ALHAZRED, CALLED THE **NECRONOMICON** - A HORRIBLE CHRONICLE DETAILING BLACK EVENTS BEFORE HUMAN-BEINGS CAME TO BE.

**THERE WAS A TIME** IN THAT ETERNITY AGO WHEN A TRIBE FROM THE PLANET **URANUS** CAME TO COLONIZE EARTH. THESE MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN, UNSURPRISINGLY, WERE MUCH THE SAME MANNER OF HUMAN-CREATURE AS WE ARE TODAY... AND FOR THEM TO MEET THE SUB-CIVILIZED SHOGGOths WAS A TRIAL THEY WERE HARDLY PREPARED FOR IN THIS VIRGIN SETTLEMENT, NEAR WHAT WE NOW CALL THE **BLACK FOREST** IN SOUTHERN GERMANY. IN THIS TIME IT WENT BY ANOTHER NAME... WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

# THE SKULL FOREST OF EARTH!



HEWETSON AND ZESAR



IT IS GOOD  
TO GET AWAY  
FROM OUR ROTTING  
DYING URANUS...  
THIS LAND IS SO  
FERTILE...  
...UNTOUCHED!

...CONTINUING THE  
LOVECRAFT  
CTHULHU MYTHOS





OH GOD...  
...IS... IS  
THAT HER?

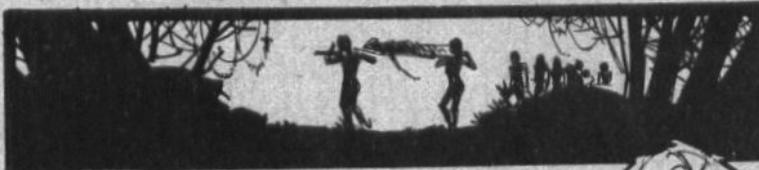
OUR WEDDING  
CHAIN... AROUND  
HER NECK... IT  
MUST BE HER...

MY ROSALIE... WHAT  
HAVE THEY DONE  
TO YOU?

...WHAT  
WRETCHED  
THINGS CAN DO  
SUCH A THING TO  
MY BEAUTIFUL  
WIFE...

...SWEET... GOD...  
ALMIGHTY... DEAR  
ROSALIE... YOU'VE  
BEEN EATEN  
ALIVE!

WHATEVER UNKNOWN SPAWN CAN ADMIT FOUL  
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ATROCITY COULD HARDLY KNOW  
THAT THESE TORMENTED BEINGS THAT NOW ACT AS  
PALLBEARERS TO THE SAD REMAINS OF THEIR BELOVED...  
ARE MEN... AND WOMEN... WITH MINDS THAT CAN  
REASON OUT A DEFINITION FOR HUMANITY...  
...NOMATTER HOW CRUDE OR SIMPLISTIC THAT  
DEFINITION IS... IT IS DECIDELY MUCH MORE REDEEMING  
THAT THE SOUL-GUTTED BRAND OF HUMANITY OF  
THE MURDERERS...



HOW CAN YOU  
SAY THAT? HOW  
CAN YOU EVEN  
THINK  
THAT... FOR ONE  
SECOND...

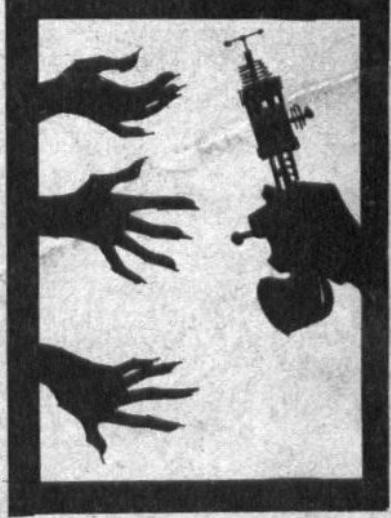
...MY WIFE...  
THEY'VE  
EATEN MY  
WIFE... GOD,  
MAN... WHERE IS  
YOUR SENSE  
OF REASON  
GONE...

...THEY  
MUST BE  
HUNTED OUT...  
KILLED EVEN  
AS THE  
CANNIBALS HAVE  
KILLED MY  
WIFE...

JIM IS  
RIGHT... OF  
COURSE HE'S  
RIGHT...

...WE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
WE'RE UP  
AGAINST...  
BUT WE'VE  
GOT TO TRACK  
THEM DOWN...  
BEFORE...

REED... HE'S  
GONE... OUR CHILD  
HAS GONE... HE  
MUST HAVE  
WANDERED OFF...





WHEN BRAVE MEN FIGHT TO SAVE THEIR WOMEN AND CHILDREN... AND THEIR OWN LIVES ... THEY SAY NOTHING... ... THEY ONLY SHRIEK...

WHEN THEY DIE THEY DO SO QUICKLY AND HONORABLY... AS MEN DO FROM TIME TO TIME... BUT WITHOUT A WORD...

... FOR TO SPEAK TO THE ORIGINAL, THE ETERNAL, THE UNDYING... IS TO SPEAK TO THE WIND AND RAIN... AND EVEN SO... THERE IS A BETTER CHANCE OF THE WIND AND THE RAIN HEARING... THAN THESE MOTTLED SHOGGOHTHS WHOSE LIZARD-BRAINS DO NOT CARE TO EVEN LISTEN...



WE GO TO FIND THE CHILD... REMEMBER THE CHILD? THE ONE WHO WAS LOST? HE'S BEEN FOUND...

WE LEAVE THIS SCENE NOW... THERE IS LITTLE POINT IN US STAYING TO WATCH ONLY DEATH...



BY THE APES AND MONKEYS OF THE FOREST WHO PLAY INNOCENTLY MIDST THE ROTTING SKULLS OF THE DECAYING HUMANS...

... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THIS EARTH MAN MEETS MONKEY... ARE YOU NOW BEGINNING TO SEE SOMETHING IN THIS MEETING?

THE ORIGIN OF MAN HAS LONG BEEN A QUESTION... IT IS SAID WE COME FROM MONKEYS... BUT AT ONE POINT IN HISTORY THERE WAS A CHANGE IN THE MONKEY... HE SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A MIND THAN COULD REASON... ... PERHAPS NOW, MAN NEED WONDER OVER THIS MYSTERY NO MORE...





# THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



VINCENT PRICE has always been diabolical and deadly – in this, his one hundredth film to shiver pulsing breasts and curdle the nerve pebbles, he is more creatively EVIL-AWFUL than ever... for his fearful fit of abstract reason concocts the bizarre deaths of many victims... who are slowly – ritually – SLAUGHTERED... Dr. Dunwoody is found shredded to death by bloody bats; Dr. Dungreaves is given a frog's head mask at a costume party which crushes his head; Dr. Longstreet (TERRY THOMAS) is drained of all life-blood; Nurse Allen is found in her bed, stripped fleshless by a bunch of locusts; Dr. Kitjag falls screaming to his death when he is attacked by rabid rats; Dr. Hedgepath is frozen to death by a maniacal deep freeze machination; and Dr. Whitcomb is horrible nailed to a door by the grotesque horn of a brass unicorn!

A delightful film to compliment the horror-mood; one in which Dr. Phibes, as played by veteran VINCENT PRICE, and his 'associate'... Vulnavia, portrayed by scream screen newcomer vindictive VIRGINIA NORTH, denounce the medical profession with a CURSE which promises the death of ten men, Dr. Veslaius (JOSEPH COTTON), is the tenth, and is lured to Phibes' den of gore by the kidnapping of his only son, whom he finds strapped and locked 'neath dripping acid. Price is excellently costumed and masked for most of the film, but in an unmasking scene which literally took the audience's breath in the theater where we viewed this exceptional American International production, a vile, fractured skull emerges from the Phibes' fake-face... a face gutted of any shred of sanity...

... in a film we recommend... for, simply, it is VINCENT PRICE at his finest – and at his finest, Price is a stalwart promoter of the essential horror...



There are TWO SIDES  
to DR. PHIBES  
- both of them  
**EVIL!**



An open coffin...  
An empty grave...and  
nine doomed  
men!

VINCENT PRICE  
JOSEPH COTTEN

# THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



also starring

**HUGH GRIFFITH** and **TERRY THOMAS**

Written by JAMES WHITON and WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN • LOUIS M. HEYWARD and RONALD S. DUNAS  
Produced by SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON Directed by ROBERT FUEST

Executive Producers

GP

ALL AGES ADMITTED  
HORROR • SCIENCE FICTION

COLOR

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL





## DR. JEKYLL AND **SISTER** HYDE

...THE WOMAN... 'Sister Hyde' — is portrayed as the ultimate evil, the inner man who when transformed lusts after certain abominable, abnormal cravings all involving horror for the pure pleasure of horror... DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE is a film dedicated to the premise of Robert Louis Stevenson's inner-other alter-ego, and on the screen shocks the viewer into near-numbness by suggesting exactly WHAT freak form the alter ego might take.

Jekyll's experiments with an 'elixir of life' causes his unusual-usual transformation with a weird twist — for his inner-alternative personality evolves into a tall, dark, astonishingly beautiful woman — MARTINE BESWICK... whose performance as Sister Hyde is the highlight of this British HAMMER Production released in the United States and Canada by AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL.

Miss Beswick is a wonderful murderess, slicing through a man's shoulder blade with a kitchen knife while the astonished victim ravished her stark, dark inviting lips.

RALPH BATES as Jekyll does not really enjoy our sympathy at all; as the inventor - genius of this mad potion he's portrayed as an innocent who is too weak to maintain his identity — consistently losing face in an astounding number of changes to his woman-within. Bates executed fine transformation scenes, and overall his performance was durable, exacting and, in the horror-vein exciting and complimentary to a fine screenplay by Brian Clemens directed by Roy Ward Baker. Bates we like and look forward to future productions. Miss Beswick we like, and hope to see again in equally prominent roles as a sinister woman-macabre on the horror screen, sending the blood seething through out choking, fetid horror-moods...

...for her performance as an extra-ordinary evil entity of lust makes DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE a worthwhile film to be appreciated more than once...

...we hope the double-bill of reviews featured in this issue meets with your approval... NIGHTMARE promises to review ONLY films we've seen and ENJOYED... the key word that is the essence of the horror-mood premise...

...and before we probably forget — why not fear-feel our OWN adaptation of the Jekyll and Hyde classic, currently featured in the NIGHTMARE ANNUAL...



This film  
is filled  
with...

# SHOCK

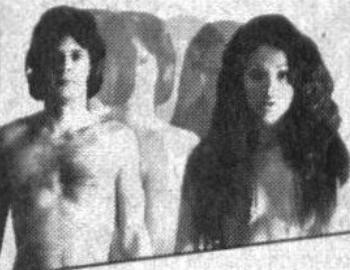
VICTIM AFTER VICTIM DIES HORRIBLY IN THROAT-CUTTING ORGY!

# AFTER SHOCK

UNNATURAL LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS  
PERFORMED BEHIND BARRED DOORS!

# AFTER SHOCK

...ONCE AGAIN  
HE WILL CHANGE SEXES  
AND KILL, KILL, KILL!



**WARNING!**  
THE SEXUAL TRANSFORMATION  
OF A MAN INTO A WOMAN  
WILL ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE  
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

# DR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

**PG** PARENTAL GUIDANCE  
SUGGESTED FOR PARENTAL SUPERVISION

In COLOR

RALPH BATES

MARTINE BESWICK

An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release

GERALD SIM · LEWIS FIANDER

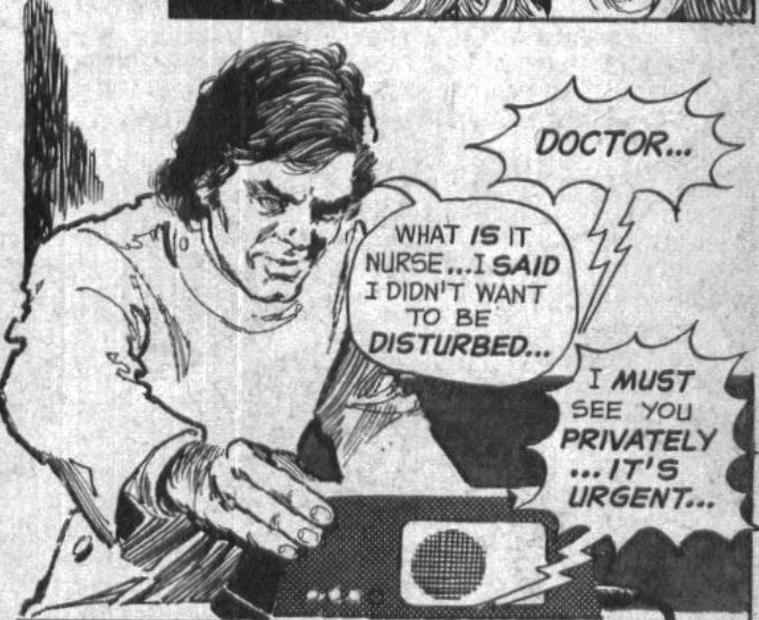


THE MEDICAL ARTS ARE A SCIENCE OF MAN THAT YEARNS TO KNOW MORE AND MORE ... FOR EVERY CRISP MOMENT OF LIFE IS PRECIOUS TO MOST MEN WHO AGREE THAT MUCH HAS YET TO BE KNOWN... SCIENCE IS A SLOW PROCESS ... PERHAPS IT NEEDS A HELPING HAND FROM THE MACABRE ARTS OF MAN... AS IN...

# The 300th BIRTH DAY PARTY!

AND THEN AGAIN... PERHAPS IT DOESN'T...





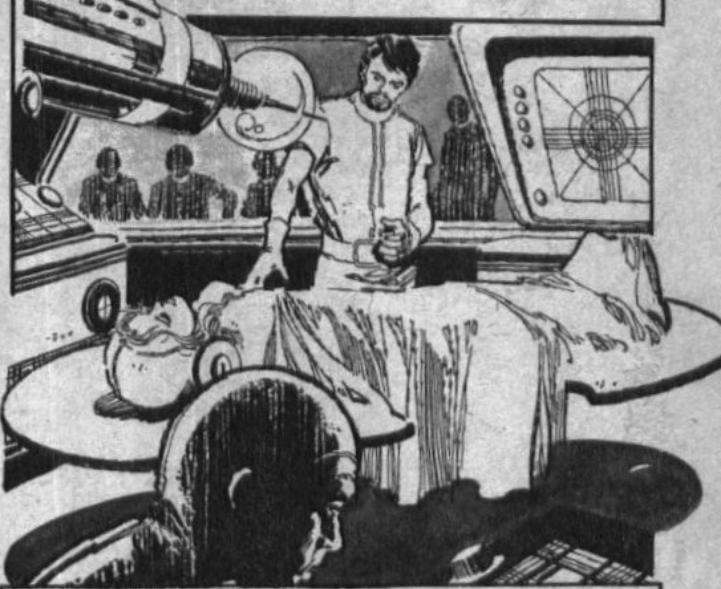


A STRANGE TOMB THIS...TO BE INTERRED  
IN SUCH AN UNHOLY GRAVE IS **BIZARRE**...  
ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH A PROUD, BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN AS **THIS**....

BUT SHE HAS NO MIND **NOW**...NO MIND  
TO KNOW-- TO CARE-- ABOUT THE  
DRIFTING THRU **TIMELESS SPACE**...  
ABOUT THE **FUTURE** THAT THEN  
BECOMES **NOW**...



2272 IS NOW... IN THIS AGE THE  
ICE-SHROUDED BODY OF ONE CECILLE  
BIERCE IS **UNFROZEN** AND THEN  
SUBJECT TO THE MOST  
WONDERFUL OF EXPERIENCES...



DID YOU THINK IN THIS DAY AND AGE IT WOULD  
BE PERFORMED BY **COMPUTER**? NO...EVEN IN  
THIS DAY THE SKILL OF THE **HUMAN SURGEON**  
IS ONE OF THE **FEW** MIRACLES OF MAN...



WELCOME WOMAN...  
MY GOD...  
3 CENTURIES...  
WHAT KIND OF WORLD  
IS **THIS**?  
...YOU WILL FIND  
YOURSELF FEELING  
WELL...KNOWING NOT  
A **MOMENT** OF MAN'S  
TRAILS AND  
TRIBULATIONS OVER  
THE LAST  
3 CENTURIES...  
...OH...YOU WILL  
EASILY ADJUST...  
IT IS NOT REALLY ALL  
THAT DIFFERENT  
FROM **YOURS**...  
...A FEW MORE  
CONVENiences...  
I WANT  
TO SEE  
IT!  
YOU'RE JOKING  
SURELY...REST?...  
AFTER 300 YEARS?  
...I WANT TO SEE  
THE WORLD...  
IT IS NOT SO DIFFERENT  
FROM THE ONE YOU LEFT...

BUT YOU  
SHOULD  
REST...  
SCIENCE HAS  
BROUGHT AN **END**  
TO **POVERTY**...HAS  
TAKEN OVER MAN'S  
**WORK LOAD**...THERE  
ARE NO MORE WARS...  
NO MORE DISEASES...  
...LIKE  
CANCER...  
...WE FINALLY  
FOUND THE  
CURE...OR THE  
CAUSE...A FEW  
YEARS AGO...  
WE WAITED TILL IT WAS  
PERFECTED BEFORE WE  
PERFORMED YOUR OPERATION...



THE MACABRE ARTS HAVE TAKEN OVER, IT MIGHT APPEAR, WHERE MODERN MEDICINE HAS LEFT OFF...

MR. BIERCE, WHO YOU WILL RECALL, WAS IN DESPAIR, ON THE VERGE OF DEATH... HAS BEEN GIVEN A NEW LEASE ON LIFE... PERHAPS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE SPECIAL GIFT OF HIS WIFE'S RETURN TO HIM...

... ON HIS 300TH BIRTHDAY...

**THE TIME: 1866 IN BUCHAREST, RUMANIA.**  
PRINCE KARL ETEL FRIEDRICH COMMISSIONS  
SCULPTOR WILBUUR KIHNLR, TO CREATE  
FOR HIM **3 MONSTROUS GARGOYLES**  
TO DECORATE HIS PALACE TURRETS



THE OLD SCULPTOR RETURNS TO HIS SMALL VILLAGE IN  
THE COUNTRY - A TOWN NAMED DRAGASANI - WHERE  
HE WORKS ON THE COMMITMENT OF HIS LIFE...  
WORKING MANY LONG HOURS... MANY LONG MONTHS...



and so starts our tales...

# the gargoyle trilogy

## THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE

THE 1ST TALE

WHY DO THEY  
IGNORE ME --  
I AM ONLY A  
OLD MAN...  
I DO THEM  
NO HARM!

THEY TREAT ME  
WITH SUCH SCORN  
THESE DAYS -- SINCE  
I ACCEPTED THE ORDER  
OF PRINCE FRIEDRICH  
FOR THE GARGOYLES...  
BUT WHY?



THE ANSWER TO THAT, OLD MAN, IS **BEHIND YOUR BACK!** WHILE YOU WORK  
ON THE MASTERPIECES WITHIN YOUR SMALL HOVEL -- THE TOWN HAS EX-  
PERIENCED STRANGE FIRES... DISEASES THAT PLAGUE THE POPULACE--  
DROUGHT AND FAMINE THAT STARVE ...

AND PERHAPS  
BECAUSE YOU  
ARE OLD AND  
A LITTLE  
STRANGE IN  
YOUR CREA-  
TIVITY... THE  
SUPERSTITIOUS  
TOWNSFOLK  
OF DRAGASANI  
**BLAME YOU!**

HEWETSON AND DE LA ROSA

DELA  
ROSA



COME OUT OLD  
MAN-- COME OUT OR  
WE'LL BURN DOWN  
YOUR WRETCHED  
SHACK!

YOU... YOU  
ARE THE CAUSE  
OF ALL OUR  
TROUBLES -- COME  
OUT AND ANSWER  
FOR  
YOURSELF!

INSIDE THE TINY HOVEL THE SCULPTOR  
DOES NOT HEAR HIS PERSECUTORS ...

DEAR GOD --  
CAN'T STOP...  
WORKING... SOME  
MAD FORCE OUT-  
SIDE OF ME  
DRIVING  
ME ONWARD...  
... THE VILLAGERS  
MUST BE RIGHT--  
THERE IS SOME-  
THING BEWITCHED  
ABOUT THESE  
MONSTERS! I  
DO NOT CREATE  
THEM -- THEY ONLY  
USE ME... AS AN  
INSTRUMENT!



IT'S OBVIOUS HE ISN'T  
COMING OUT -- HE WAS  
WARNED... WE'LL BURN  
THE PLACE  
TO THE GROUND...

THE TORCH -- IT'S  
NOT TAKING... THE  
HOUSE IS PROTECTED  
MY MAGIC...

NONSENSE...  
STORM  
THE DOOR...

IT'S AS SOLID AS  
PURE MARBLE...  
NOTHING ON THIS  
EARTH WILL GET  
THRU THAT DOOR...

...BUT NEITHER  
WILL ANYTHING  
GET OUT IF WE  
CAN'T GET IN--  
WE'LL WAIT...  
'TILL HE'S READY  
TO COME  
OUT!

IT WON'T BE SOON VILLAGER...  
NOT SOON! THE SCULPTOR  
DOESN'T HEAR YOUR WORDS...  
HE IS, AT THE MOMENT...  
VERY-- VERY BUSY!



AM I... LOSING MY MIND?...

... DID I NOT JUST FEEL SOMETHING MOVE? DEAR GOD-- CAN THERE BE MORE TO THESE GROTESQUE GARGOYLES THAN MERE MAGIC...

... CAN THERE BE LIFE?

A GROAN... AND A SHUDDER! GREAT STONE WINGS CREAK AND STRAIN AT THEIR JOINTS... NECK VEINS RENT THEMSELVES AND TWIST THE GREAT BLACK HEAD ABOUT IN TORMENT



THE WINGS BREAK FREE AND SLOWLY LIFT TO SPREAD-- THE HUNCHED FORM OF THE GARGOYLE LIFTS AND STRAIGHTENS TO AN IMMENSE 7 FEET... GRAY EYES ROLL IN HAGGARD SOCKETS AND THE NEW BORN THING MADLY FLAPS ITS WINGS... ROCKING THE WALLS OF THE HUT...

AND THEN IT STRAINS AT THE MOUTH... THE FACE DISTORTS AND TWISTS IN A THOUSAND WAYS... TO SPEAK... TO CRY OUT... BUT COMES NOTHING!



AND OUTSIDE THE FEARFUL VILLAGERS HEAR...

WHAT UNHOLY RITE GOES ON WITHIN THOSE WALLS?...

PERHAPS NOTHING WE SHOULD KNOW...



THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE SHUDDERED AND FLAPPED AND SHOOK THE ROOM ABOUT SCULPTOR WILBÜUR KHNLR... BUT NO SOUND CAME... IT SWELLED INSIDE... THE MONSTROUS BELLY BLOATED AND THE FACE RIPPED ITSELF APART... BUT NO SOUND CAME!



THE TWO GARGOYLES... NOT YET ALIVE... FEEL WITHIN THEM A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF DISGUST... DISGUST AT A PERVERTED MONARCH WHOSE ORDERS WERE ATTENDED BY BLACK GODS BENEATH HUMAN DIGNITY...



THE ORDER WAS FOR 3 MONKEY GARGOYLES--ONE WHO COULD NOT SEE... ONE WHO MIGHT HEAR NOTHING... AND THE ONE NOW IN RUIN UPON THE DIRTY FLOOR OF AN OLD SCULPTOR'S HUT... THE ONE WHO COULD NOT ISSUE A SOUND FROM ITS MOUTH... LEST IT BE GOOD!



and starts  
2

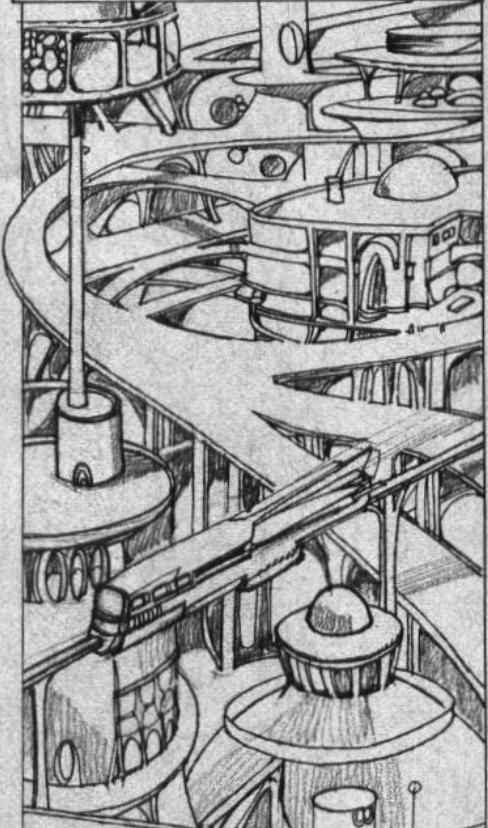
# THE IDIOT GARGOYLE!

THE TIME : 2092 IN HERITAGE COUNTY GALACT ELEVEN-- VICE CONSOFT DENNIS MADGERY MAKES A STATEMENT ABOARD HIS SPACE PONTOON-- ZARATHUSTRA...



FELLOW CITIZENS OF GALACT ELEVEN-- DURING THIS INTER-GALACTIC CELEBRATION THIS YEAR WE ARE HONORING OUR MOTHER EARTH... AND IN WHAT BETTER WAY CAN WE DEMONSTRATE OUR RESPECT FOR THE OLD WORLD THAN BY ILLUSTRATING OUR PLANET WITH DYNAMIC AND GRAPHIC MEMORIES OF HER...

IN THE COUNTY OF HERITAGE THE CITIZENS HAPPILY WORK TOWARDS THE CELEBRATION... GATHERING RELICS AND ARTIFACTS FROM AN ERA ALMOST FORGOTTEN... BUT STILL CHERISHED IN THEIR HEARTS... THE ERA WHEN EARTH WAS ALL THAT WAS...



AND ABOVE CITY SQUARE...



THE CELEBRATION THROUGH THE 9 GALAXIES OF FOUNDATION IS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS... EXCEPT FOR HERITAGE COUNTY... ... WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE PLAGUED BY STRANGE DISEASES... PESTILENCE... FIRES...



OH FOR THE LOVE  
OF KRUMA...

...SO  
WHAT?

BUT  
IT'S GONE...  
I  
THOUGHT...

YOU THOUGHT WHAT?  
WHAT? THAT IT HAD SOME-  
THING TO DO WITH OUR  
PROBLEMS...

...DON'T  
BOther  
US NOW...

...SAVE YOUR  
CHILDISH DRIVEL  
FOR SOME  
OTHER TIME...

AS WOULD  
ANY CHILD SO  
HARSHLY DEALT  
WITH BY A  
FATHER  
SUPPOSED TO  
LOVE... A  
MOTHER  
SUPPOSED TO  
PROTECT...  
THE CHILD  
RUNS...

RUNS INTO THE NIGHT...  
ACROSS FIELDS...  
STREAMS... 'TILL SHE  
IS CAKED WITH MUD  
AND TEARS...

THEY  
DON'T  
LOVE  
ME...  
  
IF THEY  
DID WHY  
WOULD THEY TREAT  
ME SO MEAN... WHY  
WOULD THEY SCREAM  
AT ME TO GO  
AWAY?...

WELL I WILL  
GO AWAY...  
FOREVER...

'TILL SHE COMES INTO THE DARK,  
BROODING FOREST WHERE TALL  
BROWN STALKS REACH UP TO THE  
TWIN LAPPING MOONS IN THE BLUE  
NIGHT SKY...

MY LEGS... CUT  
FROM RUNNING THRU  
THE BRUSH... SO TIRED...  
MUST LIE DOWN AND  
REST... MUST  
REST...

AS LITTLE  
VANESSA  
SLEEPS A  
BLACK THING  
COMES  
CREEPING UP...  
MAKING AS  
LITTLE NOISE  
AS IS POSSIBLE  
FOR SOMETHING  
MADE OF STONE!

WHEN SHE AWAKES IN THE MORN SHE FINDS HERSELF IN THE SHADOW OF A SILENT, HIDEOUSLY HUNKED GARGOYLE, SQUINTING AT HER THRU GRAY PENETRATING SOCKETS OF EVIL...



...now  
starts  
the 3rd...

# THE DARKNESS CARGOYLE...

THE TIME: ERA 219T. MOTHER EARTH. PRINCIPAL FATHER-ELECT KAUFMANN MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT IS CARRIED IN OVER THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE MILLION NEWSPRINTS THROUGHOUT A UNIVERSE...



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?  
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THE MOTION  
PICTURE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN  
IMPORTANT TO ANYONE...  
THIS CAN MEAN A NEW START  
FOR US...

THE ONE GREAT MEDIUM  
OF ALL TIME -- THE MOVIES --  
GETTING THE ATTENTION  
IT DESERVES...

AND SO EMMA-DOLCE STUDIO, FOR  
YEARS SCRAMBLING AROUND ON ITS  
KNEES FOR A FEW RUBLES...LAUNCHES,  
WITH AMPLE GOVERNMENT FUNDING THE  
GREATEST SHOOTING SCHEDULE  
OF THE CENTURY...

...STARRING THE GREATEST MOVIE QUEEN  
OF THE CENTURY... NATALIE WORLD...  
DID WE SAY THE CENTURY... NAY... THE  
GREATEST OF ALL TIME...

THE SCRIPT CENTERS AROUND GLOBAL  
EARTH DURING THE 19TH CENTURY...  
A TIME WHEN THERE WERE POLITICAL  
DIVISIONS AND MAN WAS A SUPERS-  
STITIOUS BUMPKIN...

HEY THIS SHOULD  
BE FANTASTIC ...  
LOOK AT IT...

SOME KINDA WEIRD BIRD...  
OR SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL...  
WE CAN HAVE IT FLYING IN  
AND OUT OF DOORWAYS...  
REAL MOOD SETTER...



YOU SEE THE STONE BIRD NATALIE?

...WE'VE ARTIFICIALLY ANIMATED IT... FOUND IT IN AN OLD MUSEUM OF SORTS...

IN A FEW MINUTES IT'LL SWOOPIN AND FLY AROUND A LITTLE... LOOK SCARED...

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON THE SET... FIRES... ILLNESS... THEN DEATH... BUT DEATH THE HARD WAY... MURDER!

NATALIE...

SHE'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN HARRY-- SHE'S DEAD... MURDERED...

MURDER... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!...

... VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE ...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN LOOK SCARED...

...I AM SCARED... THAT THING'S HORRIBLE!

I DUNNO WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO... FIRST MISS WORLD... THEN COLT EMMERSON... AND NOW NATALIE'S REPLACEMENT...

...MURDER HAS BEEN UNHEARD OF FOR CENTURIES... ALL CRIME... THERE ARE NO MEANS TO INVESTIGATE... WE HAVE NO ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES...

AND SO EDGAR CRAFT, PROP MAN, IS EASILY CAPTURED AND ARRESTED FOR THE CRIME OF MURDER...

...AND SO... MORE OR LESS... ENDS THE 3RD TALE... FOR THEIR IS ONLY THE TRIAL TO FOLLOW...

IT'S CRAFT... EDGAR CRAFT...

...WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED... MURDERING THE LEADING MAN...

WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED IN THE CASTLE SET...

# ...AND THE TRIAL

IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION...

YOUR HONOR--I  
PRESENT THESE  
DOCUMENTS--  
THESE 3 CASE  
HISTORIES OF  
THE GARGOYLES--  
THE MACABRE  
ORIGIN... THE  
EVENTS OF THE  
FIRST TWO  
CASES ALL GO TO  
PROVE MY  
INNOCENCE...

HOW SO?  
...IT IS NOT  
SO OBVIOUS  
TO THE  
COURT!

THE GARGOYLES WERE CREATED **EVIL**--  
BY **PRINCE FRIEDRICH**-- ONE WITH  
**NO EARS**... ONE WITH **NO MOUTH**--  
ONE WITH **NO EYES**... LIKE **MONKEYS**...  
THE **3 FAMOUS MONKEYS** THAT CAN'T  
SEE, HEAR OR SPEAK... LEST WHAT  
THEY SENSE BE **EVIL**!

...THE GARGOYLES WERE  
PROTECTED FROM **GOOD**!

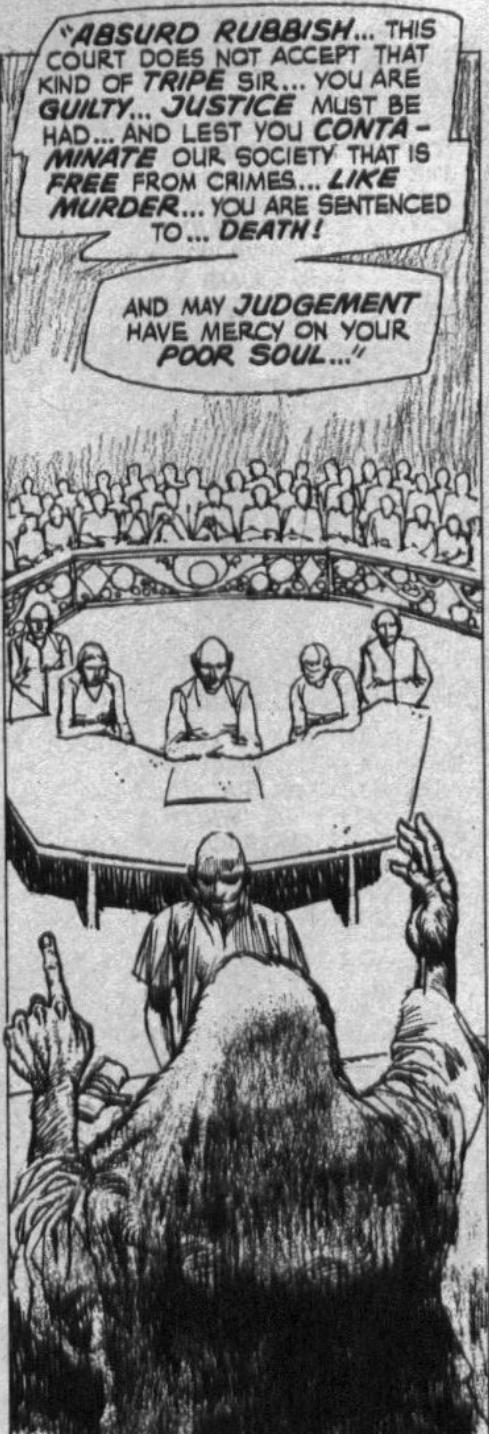
...NOW THIS GARGOYLE...  
**THE LAST ONE**... WHO  
CONTROLLED ME... TOOK  
OVER **MY MIND**...  
FORCED ME TO  
**MURDER**...

...HE HAD  
TO...

...HE WAS THE ONE  
WHO COULD **NOT SEE**...  
HE NEEDED **MY EYES**  
TO SEE... TO MURDER...  
TO COMMIT **HIS**  
**Foul EVILS**...

"**ABSURD RUBBISH...** THIS  
COURT DOES NOT ACCEPT THAT  
KIND OF TRIBE SIR... YOU ARE  
**GUILTY**... **JUSTICE** MUST BE  
HAD... AND LEST YOU **CONTAMINATE**  
OUR SOCIETY THAT IS  
**FREE** FROM CRIMES... **LIKE**  
**MURDER**... YOU ARE SENTENCED  
TO... **DEATH**!"

AND MAY JUDGEMENT  
HAVE MERCY ON YOUR  
**POOR SOUL**..."



THE DARKNESS  
GARGOYLE IS  
**UN-ANIMATED**...  
PLACED AGAIN IN  
ITS **MUSEUM**...  
RETURNED TO  
ITS BLACK,  
QUIET CRYPT...

...AND IN THE  
**DUST**... A  
SIGHTLESS BEAST  
FLAPS BRITTLE  
STONE WINGS...  
AND GROANS A  
GROAN OF DEEP  
**SATISFACTION**...  
FOR NOW HE HAS  
COMPLETED  
**HIS TASK**...



...WITHIN THE BLACK MOCKING SILENCE--THE  
**DARKNESS GARGOYLE** GRINS... FOR LIKE HIM...  
JUSTICE HAS BEEN BLIND...

IT'S THAT KIND OF A NIGHT... **UGLY**... WHEN THE BLACK SKIES OPEN AND DUMP **TORRENTS OF WATER** UPON US AS WE WADE THROUGH THE FLOODED SIDE-STREETS ON OUR WAY HOME... AND EVERY NOW AND THEN WE **SHUDDER** BECAUSE THE SKY LIGHTS-UP WITH A **WHITE BOLT OF LIGHTNING**...

...LIGHTING THE CORNERS AND CRACKS OF FORGOTTEN ALLEYS AND COBBESTONED SIDE STREETS! ON SUCH A STREET IS A MUSEUM... WHICH EVEN NOW THE LIGHTNING THREATENS TO **ATTACK**... EVEN AS IT IS BEING THREATENED BY ANOTHER KIND OF NIGHT-DEMON...

...A DEMON ON **TWO LEGS**... WHO CLAMBERS THE SHEER WALL LIKE AN **AGILE CAT**... FOR THAT IS INDEED HER NAME-- THE '**WHITE CAT**'-- RATHER IRONIC, AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE... AS SHE REACHES A WINDOW NOT PROPERLY LATCHED AND FLICKS OPEN THE **LOCK**...

HEWETSON  
AND  
VILLANOVA

...TO START OUR TALE OF...

# THE NIGHT IN THE WAX MUSEUM

...MADE IT!

ONE OF THE FINEST  
WAX MUSEUMS IN NORTH  
AMERICA... AND PRIME  
PICKINGS FOR...

...THE  
WHITE  
CAT!

PRIME PICKINGS... AYE... FOR THIS ICE-NERVED WOMAN WITH THE BLACK, PROBING EYES IS A THIEF... ONE OF THE BEST... IN SEARCH OF

FORBIDDEN TREASURE...  
...AND SHE HAS COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

BUT EVEN FOR SUCH AN **UNUSUAL THIEF**... WE ARE ABOUT TO SERVE WITNESS TO AN **UNUSUAL THEFT**...

ALTHOUGH THESE WAX TREASURES ARE WELL GUARDED, THEY ARE NOT GUARDED WELL **ENOUGH** FOR THE **WHITE CAT**...

...THE OWNER AND **CREATOR** OF THESE PRICELESS FIGURES THINKS ENOUGH OF THEM TO HAVE THEM UNDER **LOCK AND KEY**...

...BUT EVIDENTLY HIS PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ENTRY ARE **LIMITED**... IT IS HARDLY LIKELY THERE ARE **TOO MANY** THIEVES INTERESTED IN **MACABRE** VALUABLES SUCH AS THESE!

THESE FIGURES ARE THE WORK OF **GENIUS**... I WANT MY OWN PARTICULAR FAVORITES FOR MY OWN GALLERY...

...**GENIUS**...  
...THE **MASTERY** IN THE FACES...  
THE **TONES**... THE **TEXTURE** OF THE **SKIN**... SO **LIFELIKE**...

ONLY WHEN I TOUCH THE **COLD SURFACE** CAN I FULLY ADMIT THEY AREN'T **REAL**... BUT ONLY **WAX**...

**DEAD WAX!**

A **REPLICA**... AN IMITATION ONLY... THO THIS BITTER AXE BE REAL... THO THE CLOTHES REAK OF SPILLED **BLOOD**...

...THE EXECUTIONER IS ONLY A **REPLICA**... THE AXE FROM SOME **FORGOTTEN DUNGEON**... THE CLOTHES STAINED FOR THE **EFFECT** OF REALISM WITH THE BLOOD A **COMMON RODENT**!

WHO COULD THEY BE SOLD TO?

...NO FENCE IN THE WORLD WOULD TOUCH 'EM WITH A **FIVE BUCK BILL**!

...BUT TO ME... AH... TO ME A SAMPLING FROM THIS COLLECTION IS **WORTH THE WORLD**...

...EVEN IF IT NOT BE FOR **MONETORY PROFIT**!

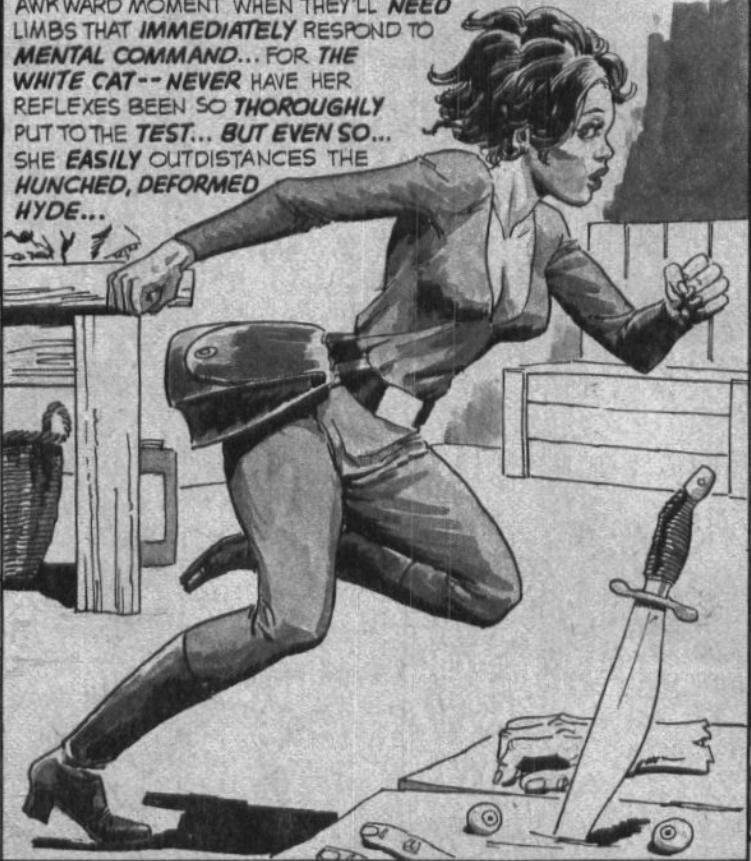








EVER SEEN A THIEF RUN? MOST THIEVES HAVE PRACTICED ATHLETICS LONG AND HARD HOURS--IN ANTICIPATION OF THE AWKWARD MOMENT WHEN THEY'LL NEED LIMBS THAT IMMEDIATELY RESPOND TO MENTAL COMMAND...FOR THE WHITE CAT--NEVER HAVE HER REFLEXES BEEN SO THOROUGHLY PUT TO THE TEST...BUT EVEN SO... SHE EASILY OUTDISTANCES THE HUNCHED, DEFORMED HYDE...





...NOW THE RAIN HAS ENDED WITH THE COMING OF THE MORNING -- THE CROWDS COME TO LAUGH AND ADMIRE AND SOMETIMES, RARELY, TO CRITICISE THE OLD MAN'S WORK...



...THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER ... JACK THE RIPPER ... THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM ... PERHAPS THEY DON'T NOTICE THE NEW ADDITION TO THIS OBSCENE CONCOCTION OF BIZARRE WAX FIGURE...

...PERHAPS THEY DON'T SEE...

...THE NEW SET FOR THE FAMOUS DR. JEKYLL MR. HYDE ENIGMA... THERE HAS BEEN AN ADDITION HERE SOMEHOW... **THE EYES GIVE IT AWAY**... THE SAD, MOURNFUL-ONCE ICY-BLACK EYES OF THE VICTIM BESEECHING SOMEONE TO LOOK CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT SHE'S ALIVE... A THIEF WITHIN AN INSANE PRISON...

...AND THE EYES OF THE EVER CHANGING JEKYLL-HIDE... MOMENTARILY KINDLY... THEN CRUEL, CUTTING... BUT ALWAYS SMILING... FOR BEHIND THOSE OLD SMILING EYES A MAN OF GENIUS CHUCKLES AT HIS OWN MACABRE HUMOR... HIS MAD TRAP... HIS MECHANICAL, ROBOT WAX FIGURES WHO DO HIS BIDDING...



...AND THE IRONY OF IT ALL... FOR THO HIS WAX FIGURES IN THIS MUSEUM OF DEATH KNOW A KIND OF LIFE... THE ONE FIGURE IN THE OLD MAN'S CRYPT OF MIRTH WHO REALLY IS ALIVE... WILL BE FROZEN-STILL FOREVER...

DEEP WITHIN HOLLYWOOD'S **FILM VAULTS**  
DWELLS THE ORIGINAL PRINT OF THE  
**CLASSIC HORROR FILM:**

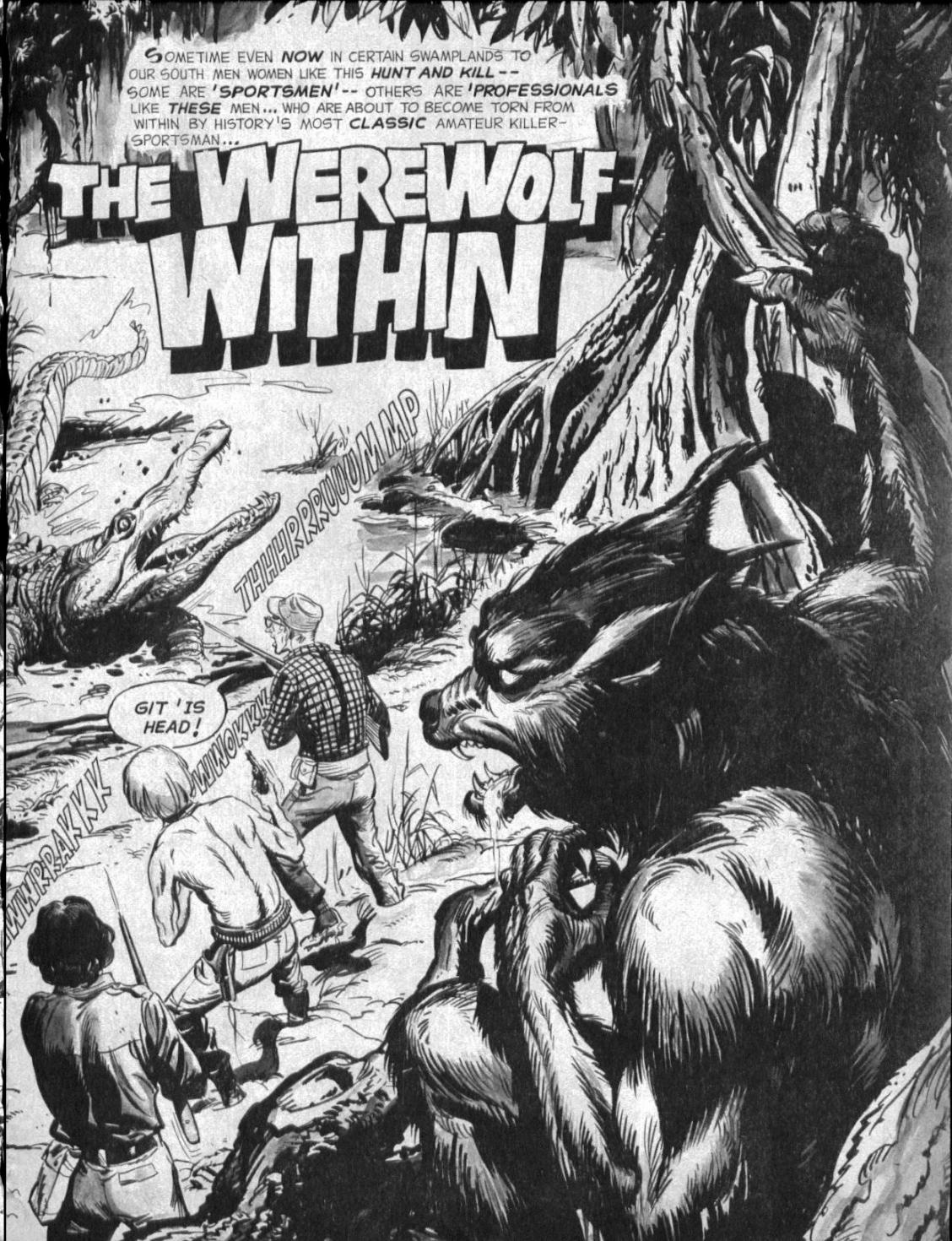
# DRACULA

PRODUCED IN **1931** THE FILM BROUGHT TO LIFE THE  
LURKING PATHOLOGICAL TERROR--BASED ON THE  
FAMOUS **NOVEL** BY **BRAM STOKER** FIRST PRINTED  
IN THE YEAR **1897!**

IT INTRODUCED A RELATIVELY UNKNOWN ACTOR--**BELA LUGOSI**--  
MAKING HIM A STAR VIRTUALLY **OVERNIGHT!** LUGOSI AS THE  
EUROPEAN BLOOD FIEND WAS **INCOMPARABLE-DYNAMIC-REAL-**

BELOW--BY ARTIST PABLO MARCOS, A **SCENE** FROM  
**THE ORIGINAL BELA LUGOSI DRACULA...**





HE'S DEAD!

YOU'RE KIDDIN'  
AIN'T YOU BRUTE?  
YOU REALLY THINK  
HE'S DEAD... HAH?

... YOU DEAD-  
HEAD... WE  
FILLED HIM WITH  
ENOUGH LEAD  
TO ...

KNOCK IT OFF  
CECILLE...

... EVERYBODY  
AIN'T GOT THE BIG  
BRAIN YOU GOT! C'MON...  
LET'S DRAG THIS  
CARCASS BACK TO  
CAMP... THE  
DAY'S GETTIN'  
LATE...

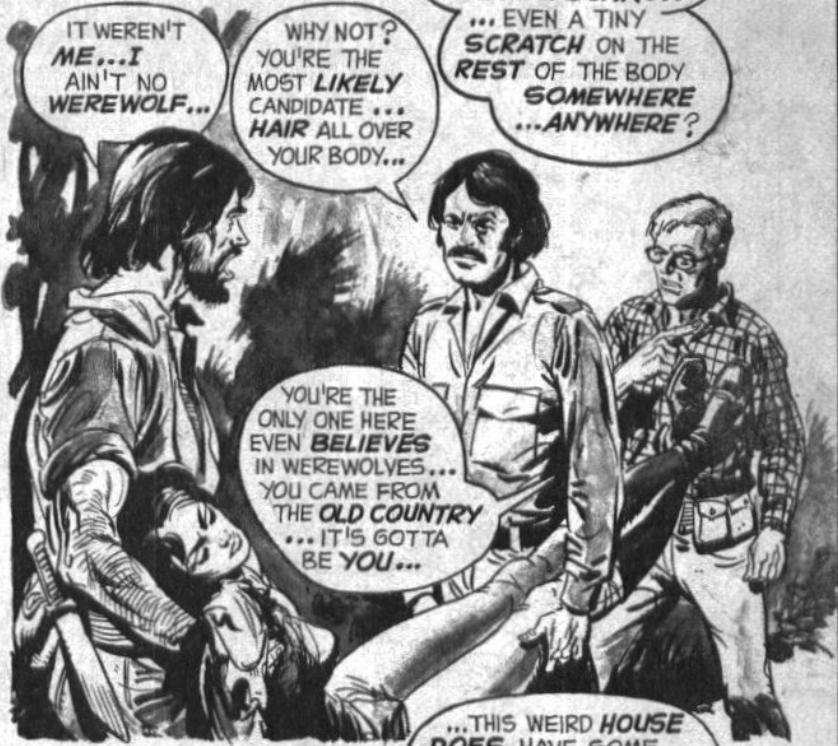
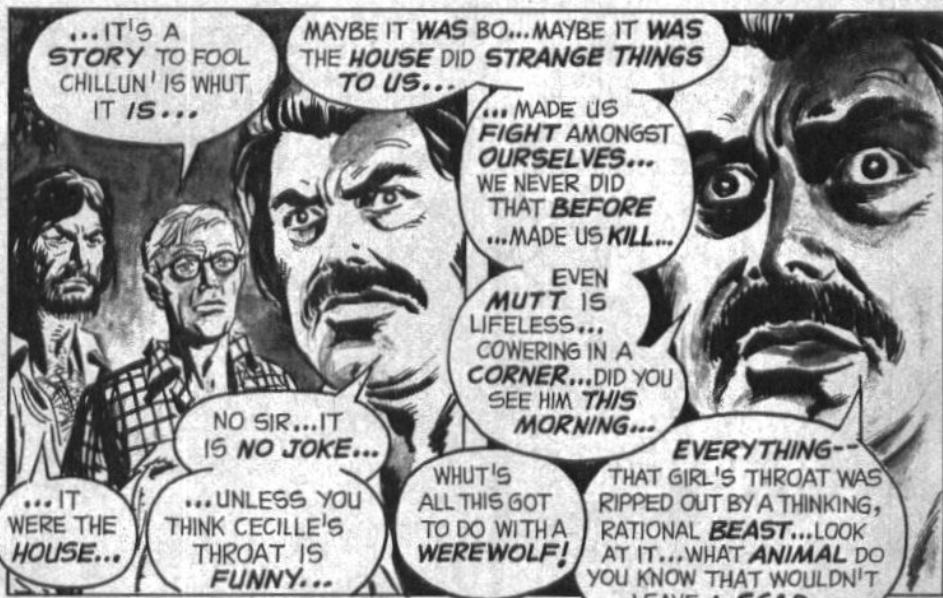
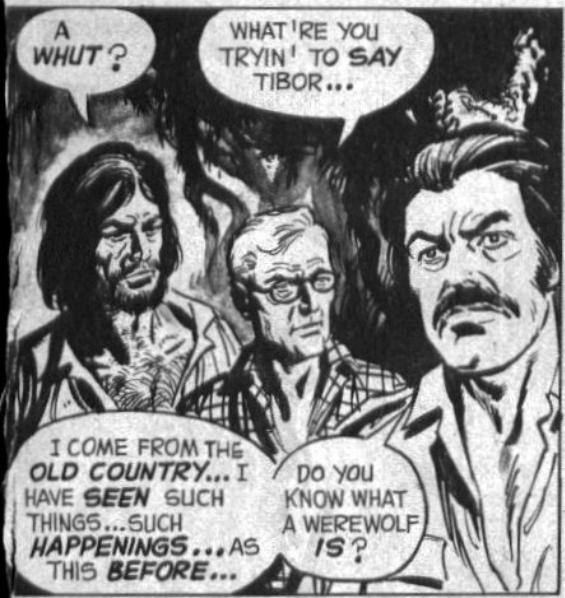
HE'S GOTTA BE  
WORTH QUITE A BIT...  
HUH HOLLIS? ... THEY  
GOTTA PAY A LOT  
FOR ONE THIS BIG!

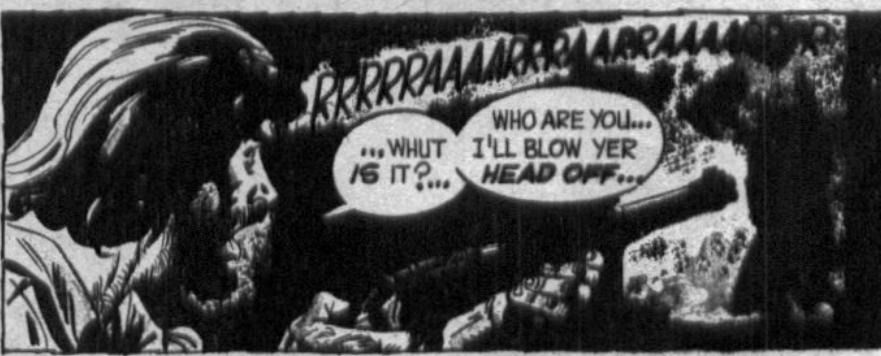
I GUESS SO...  
... EVER SINCE THEY MADE  
ALLIGATOR HUNTING  
ILLEGAL A FEW YEARS  
AGO ANYTHING IS  
WORTH MONEY...  
... THIS ONE'S GONNA BRING  
IN A LOT... MUST BE AT  
LEAST 20 FEET LONG...  
THAT'S AS BIG AS THEY  
COME...











RRRAAAARRRAAAAGHHHRRR







THIS BIZARRE PALACE AFFECTS **EVERYBODY** **EVERY WHICH WAY**... BRINGING OUT THE WORST IN MAN AND BEAST... AND SINCE MAN'S BEST FIEND IS THE ONLY ONE **LEFT** IN THIS SHOCKER BARREL BUCKET KNOWN AS **DARKKOS MANSION**... AYE... THAT IS ITS NAME...

DARKOS MANSION... ATE... THAT IS ITS NAME...  
...YOU WILL MEET HIM AGAIN IN ANOTHER TIME WHEN WE RETURN TO THIS DECREPID CRYPT TO SEEK A  
REASON FOR ITS MAD EXISTENCE... BUT REMEMBER... WHEN NEXT WE RETURN... FOR WHATEVER  
CAUSE... THERE IS ALREADY... A WEREWOLF WITHIN...

WHAT IS THE MACABRE TRUTH ABOUT DEMONIC POSSESSION--CAN A DEMON ACTUALLY CLIMB INTO A MAN'S SOUL? THE EXPLANATION IS NOT SIMPLE--IT IS INVOLVED AND INTRICATE...FOLLOW WITH US THEN...AND KNOW THE INCREDIBLE ANSWER...



LURKING WITHIN THE NEXT HORROR PACKAGE FROM SKYWALD HOUSE THESE MACABRE MEANDERINGS AWAITS TO TAUNT YOUR BRAIN AND BLOW YOUR MIND... THESE ARE THE TALES OF

MOENCH  
FEDORY  
FUJITAKE  
HEWETSON

... THE MASTER STORY-TELLERS... THE MEN WHO LIVE TO CREATE THE MAD-EMOTIONAL

GENE DECIDES TO TAKE HIS TIME, SAVOR THE MILE WALK TO HIS HOME... BUT EVEN SO HE IS FAR TOO DISTANT AND FACING THE WRONG WAY TO SEE THE GENTLE STIRRING BENEATH THE MUTE GRAVE, THE SLOW-MOTION ERUPTION OF EARTH, AND THE EXTRUSION OF A QUINING FEMININE HAND GRASPING A FEATHERED SHAFT OF DOOM...

... OR THE SUBSEQUENT AND FORCEFUL LUNGE OF ANOTHER HAND, ANOTHER HAND WHICH SURGES UPWARD IN A SPWING HAIL OF DIRT, AND A HAND WHICH IS MUCH TOO MASCULINE TO BE THE MATE TO THE FIRST HAND...



**HORROR MOOD!**

... COME LIVE WITH US...  
... COME INTO OUR MINDS...  
... COME AND ENJOY BEASTS  
AND ARCHAIC ABOMINATIONS  
WROUGHT TO TEASE YOU  
AND PLEASE YOU...

-COMING SOON-

-NOSFERATU-

-HIT AND RUN... MISS  
AND DIE-

-THE FUNERAL BARGE-

-AND THE AWKWARD  
EMOTION-EVOKER IN  
THE NEXT PSYCHO...

-THE  
SLITHER-SLIME  
MAN-



PERHAPS only SATAN knows what unknown forces pulled at me, clutched at my mind, dragged me into that black cobblestoned alley against my will... but WHATEVER... I did not enter that crypt of things-unnameable of my OWN accord... something GLINTED in a corner of that alleyway... something obscene that at once seemed to writhe and convulse and torment me... something horribly lapping the black blood of a long dead rodent... something I should have IGNORED...

## THE THING IN THE ALLEY

Any of you who need to call me by a NAME will be disappointed... for I will not give it; my family has suffered enough from my own misery, and I will not have them dragged through the official mires of an investigation which would be sure to follow were I to publish my name... no, let the tale be told only because it HAS to be...

The night was late in August... I was taking in the night air as was my custom, before retiring, to clear the dust of the day — to give my LUNGS a chance to BREATHE! It was my habit to take a certain route every night, for on the way was a small curiosity shop which every day seemed to change its window display... and on this night I studied a peculiar and archaic inkwell that must have given some writer much use, for it was wonderfully soiled and stained, and although the shop owner had obviously taken lengths to attempt to restore it, it was quite apparent it was BEYOND restoration, for a crack in the glass ink-holder suggested it would never again contain any manner of liquid worth reporting.

As I studied the curiosity I was suddenly bound-up by an odd shuffling, scraping sound nearby, although it was really more of a hollow, haunting, dragging sound, as of something greatly disordered betraying its own movements. I turned, and to my utter astonishment found a little black alley running directly parallel to the edge of the shop. I was utterly astonished... for it was the first occasion — even after long months of traversing this neighborhood, by this very shopfront, that I had even noticed the alleyway...

I was distressed by my find... my nerves involuntarily twitched and jerked as they rummaged about within me searching for support... and I fell to my knees, scraping them as they hit the pavement — to the horrid extent that they actually started to bleed! The wretched sound from the alley threatened louder, I could hear the gutteral moaning of the thing within... tottering gleefully in a form and manner no man would ever call his own...

And yet I was drawn, inexorably DRAWN to that unholy gateway to peer in at the thing... to see what hateful manner of thing Satan can spawn. I looked into that darkness, my eyes shot red from the tears that welled out; at first I could see only a faint movement... and then I saw something that choked my heart...

The thing had no color... it was clear... shiny almost, in its veined grotesquery, It was a number of feet tall, yet it seemed to creep about on the cobblestones rather than stand. It had two legs, emaciated and gaunt in a twisted disguise of litheness...

Then it saw ME — it turned in an appalling charade of surprise and looked at me through two things in its forehead that might be called eyes... tiny, globular balls of black that quivered within dark matted holes and shimmered... SHIMMERED... as if they had some God-wrought RIGHT! I turned away from that scene of unholy terror and RAN as fast as my still-bleeding legs might carry me...

It still haunts me in dreams — black nightmares that taunt and ridicule me... I see it in its colorless horror — hunched and twisting on its two foul legs... its two black tiny eyes piercing into mine... oh, I shudder... I pull the blankets up over my mind and wonder of its dark origin and reason of hideous macabre openings into other-worlds where perhaps the THING now gathers with friends somewhere-else and tells them of the sad, mad, thing IT saw... Me! But it can never know the mocking irony of our meeting... aye, IRONY that I have to endure the rest of my life! For I was so injured as I fell to my knees that night that now I TOO am left with only two legs with which to crawl about... my other three leg-limbs were amputated just days after that awful night... now I feel as much a freak as that abomination — for what kind of man on God's great earth has five perfectly good arm-limbs, and only two legs?

